

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

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DIAMOND DUST.

By CLAYTON BENNETT.
AUTHOR OF "THE MARY PRINCE," "THE
TRAP DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MARI'S WILL BEFORE THE COURT.

The disappearance of Matthew Marl, madman, formed "nine days" wonder for the camp. The goatherd brought in the intelligence; and, in public, I questioned him most severely as to its correctness; for, very properly, I took interest in the fate of Matthew Marl—you see, he was my brother engineer! The notables of Jagersfontein, the exciting theme in Wallis's Hotel, and the notables in Cunningham's Arms. At Wallis's they would seat the herd, in ragged breeches, on the billiard-table—smooth and green as an ornament—lawn—and question him. The boy made quite a fortune in sixpences, but he did not spend them on breeches. At 12 years of age he preferred a pouch, a twist of tobacco, and a new tin snuff-box. At night his parents, owners of the goats, searched the sleeping boy—there were no pockets to the breeches—and took from wherever they could find it the remaining roll of coin.

Questions on the billiard-table, Klein Jan (little John) would answer: "I went to Myneer Marl's with goats' milk. Outside the house were a bundle, in a blue handkerchief, and a stick. On the top of the bundle perched the crow. Myneer was not inside. He was not come back. I did not steal the bundle, the stick, or the crow." Enthusiasts gave Klein Jan soda and whisky; and when Jan's little stomach sufficiently swelled he would roll of the table, and curled up beneath it in company with Tatters, a matted poodle, who claimed the little Hottentot as his property. In the evening he paid a professional visit to Cunningham's.

Official circles were also agitated by Mr. Marl's disappearance. "If," the Landrost's (magistrate's) clerk, wisely put it, "Matthew Marl was dead, why then his bundle and his stick are not in the district surgeon was anxious to institute a post mortem, to ensure a fee for himself, and a remarkable cerebral organ for the Royal College of Physicians; but there was no body. The Landrost—who had not been busy for a long time—wished for proof of probate, and the law-sharks were equally desirous of seeing a case for contesting legacies. For Marl's will had been found on the table where his hand had left it. So the Landrost called a special court.

It was a fine morning. The legatees appeared within the white-washed walls of the low building in deep mourning; the superintendent of the gaol-hospital, in a black coat, and the "tramp" claim for the furniture, and put a penny worth of craps round his arm. Only one was absent—Casper Harley. This was considered very ungrateful on the engineer's part. The proceedings were of an exceedingly solemn character, being conducted partly in the Dutch, and partly in the English. A salt tear was observed to fall from the gaol superintendent's eye. Each clause of the will—the signature having been proved by the witnesses, the miners Hamilton and Graham—was properly dealt with.

After discussion and reference to the Roman-Dutch law, it was agreed that the deceased—or the "disappeared" (a term invented by a witty law-agent present), which was the same thing—had had right to "name his dwelling Stone Castle."

Mrs. Wallis received her crow, together with a graceful bow from the Landrost. The legal charges on the bird were 11s. 6d.

The superintendent of the gaol-hospital carried away the furniture—which was "before the court"—not to the gaol-hospital, but to his own house, where it was better preserved; and he uses it to this day.

No provisions were found in the house; so the poor who stood with open mouths outside—had put on their best clothes—had to huddle off disappointed, and, it is believed, cursing.

The stones of the dwelling the Court was unable—as directed by the will—to order to be removed to "improve the town roads." The convicts were sent to find them.

The Government could see no way clear to making profit by the land, because it belonged to them already.

When clause "8" was reached, the clergyman of the camp, the Rev. Jacob Van der Hoord, hastily retired from the court-house.

Clause "9" was considered as a fait accompli.

There were thus only two clauses which the court had "reserved for argument."

The Sanitary Inspector—who was also the witty law-agent—rose, and read: "I reserve one blanket for my burial." Now, your worship, if, according to the terms of Marl's will, there is a blanket, there must be a body; and if there is a body, there must be a burial. But, your worship, there is no body! How are we to get over the difficulty?

"Bury the blanket without the body," suggested a sexton, in a hollow voice. "The charge would be as usual."

"Another difficulty in the way of the court. How is the Habeas Corpus Act to be enforced?" inquired the Landrost.

"That's it, your worship," said the Sanitary Inspector and law-agent, rapping the table.

"I think you might prove an alibi," suggested a portly and pompous attorney, rising slightly.

"Would you like to draw up the affidavit, Mr. Codge?"

"I should not like to prep red, your worship. This climate is sufficiently warm for me, thank you."

Then the court laughed. When a court of justice laughs a matter is settled.

"Silence!" The scratching of the Landrost's pen was heard for a few seconds. "Just let me see this blanket, will you?"

The blanket was held up—a sheet of dingy blue flannel, riddled as if with shot.

My judgment is that the blanket be given to the court-constable."

able, of feather bed, and a wife on it." (Laughter.)

"Very well. It shall be distributed as a European charity."

No blanket was "cried" on the stoop, and given to the poorest old loafer.

"Mr. Sanitary Inspector—I beg your pardon—Mr. Attorney Tout, you have been retained to assist the State, I believe?"

"Yes, your worship."

"There is a remaining clause."

"Yes," Mr. Tout read from the will. "Clause 10—I leave my diamond to Caspar Harley. Where is the engineer?"

"Where is the engineer?" echoed the crowd within the white-washed walls.

"Where is the diamond?" said Mr. Tout.

"Where is the diamond?" repeated the crowd.

"Where—what—which—how—diamond?" interrogated Mr. Tout, in a moment of excitement was not fully grammatical.

"Who diamond?" repeated the Landrost, whose English was Dutch, drawing his mouth into a funnel of surprise, and wondering with the whites of his eyes. "Constable of the court, call Caspar Harley."

Tout went out on the stoop, and cried in a loud voice:

"Casper Harley, one time; Caspar Harley, two time; Caspar Harley, three time."

Casper Harley did not "answer."

The Landrost, the learned attorney, the superintendent of the gaol-hospital, the constable of the court, the people in the body—looked perplexed.

"I conclude," commenced the Landrost weakly.

At this moment there was a stir and noise in the assembly, and Mrs. Wallis burst into court and smilingly inquired of the Landrost:

"If you cannot find the crow, the crow must find you!" gurgled Mr. Tout. (Laughter.)

Then the crow is out of the jurisdiction of the Court, remained the pompous attorney. (A smile from the bench.)

"Perhaps the crow has swallowed the diamond," suggested Mr. Tout.

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

"Give the bird an aperient," said a specialist in I.D.B. cases.

"In other words, put salt on his tail," responded Mr. Tout. (Loud laughter.)

"Salutemur," murmured the attorney, nettled.

Tout never responded to Latin. "But a bird is not before the Court," observed the Landrost.

Mrs. Wallis: "I paid the Court 11s. 6d. for the bird; a refund would—"

At these words the Court broke up in confusion—which was generally the case about luncheon time.

Of the "tramp" who was my room-mate, I heard no more. It could be written: Probation est.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST AND RECOVERED.

My first murder. I had lost all. And gained how much? Blood—only. The diamond was lost. A story of sand and water. The body of Matthew Marl and swept it away. How the flood rolled and foamed along with him. How fine to be rolled along so. An honour from the white waves. But where did they deposit the body? That was my question. Marl yet had the casket—dead Marl yet clutched the casket. Where he lay cast up amid boulders, the gem glowed within the hollow of his hand. I was the skeleton, left stripped and lonely on higher ground. Morose I became. Morose I was my room-mate. He did not trouble me. Not a thought to it. I had lost the diamond; that was enough surely.

Searched! Ay! I had searched up and down the bank of the torrent for miles. Occasionally there was a side swamp of reeds that gave difficulty, or larger boulders, that might cover the body. I could not find Marl's body. Lost—irretrievably lost—the diamond. So it seemed. What Dead Sea fruit had I gathered. How bitter it was in the mouth. Maniac! Ah! I might become a maniac. To lose that gem. Had I not seen it all might have been well, and my mind, after Marl's murder, could have accepted the inevitable and recovered itself. But the glow of the red and amber rays burst into my soul. I saw a face, a white stone set in the centre of my brain.

Suspicion? Nay, there was no suspicion of me—a mild person. The Court of Fools had sat, and delivered the finding of its shallow brains. The case of Matthew Marl was allowed to drop by the wisecracks of the local detective department.

Who was Marl? A maniac; consequently nobody. Who should suspect me, recently a well-dressed, well-salaried engineer? They might have arrested a Kaffir, certainly not a European. The waters had swept Matthew Marl's fate away; and the sunshine played over the landscape, and his memory forgotten. How sad! What millions of memories are forgotten. In this case, I had not forgotten. And more, a spirit like his could not dissipate—not die—his spirit had merely transferred its genius to another sphere. What would be its task there? A task with me? I soon knew. Listen. I was sitting in my arm-chair, with the lamp out. Matthew Marl came to me in the darkness of the night. His spirit was dressed in the clothes of life-time, and his grey face bore the smile of joy it had before he pronounced those fatal words. "To-morrow morning." That smile of joy was now accounted for—it was meant for my doom through life. Marl was to be the triumph, mine the misery. He was the hand-servant of Fate. I the fend whom Fate wished to see. Human fends had been scarce of late. I was to be the new one—to pierce the world through with wickedness. In after days I forgot those thoughts. They should have been well remembered. At times his spirit stood close beside me—with folded arms—the eyes of the grey face keenly hard as across the bridge. Again, I found it visited in the daytime, a

faded figure, with bent head and folded arms, watching from the shadow beside the tall clock.

Shrieked at it, cursed it, spoke mildly to it, reasoned with it—no use, it came regularly in daylight, in darkness, and when my lamp was lit. Sometimes it rested. Spirits have couches in the abyss. But listening to the slow ticking of the clock—the one sound in the room—my attention would suddenly be distracted—a tension would come to the brain.

I looked up, there was Marl's grey ghost once more! I knew that no mortal eye save mine could see it, yet the remnant of conscience soon to disappear caused me to rise, and draw down the blind of the window.

Beside mine, upon the blind cord I saw the ghostly hand of Marl assisting me, and his clothes faded into mine. Terrible! How glad then was I to rush into the air and sunshine, and clear the horror from my brain. I would traverse the kloof's border for hours—an altered plan of action, looking downwards for the body. Yes, I went for the diamond. A thought was also with me, that if I found the body and buried it, the spirit would rest. Yet, did not Marl accompany me in my walks? If he only recurred, why forsake me at such moments?

Burial! What cared his spirit for burial? I was to be tortured, mentally scathed, with a fruitless search for the diamond. I was wrong. When Marl's time came (I afterwards found his spirit raised its finger, and gave me a hint).

Lost. The diamond was lost. There faded a night of awful storm. The rainy season had broke again in full force. Torrents of lashing rain descended from rolling indigo clouds; the thunder bellowed in moments, and cracked at others; the lightning ran in ribbons between the peaks of the mountains. My lamp showed dull, and I trembled at the storm. At once the darkness of the outer world was in the room; the lamp slowly died out. I sat gasping, holding the arms of the chair. A curious illumination. That grey shade again, creeping to the storm outside, the three of the gow, and with celerity was wrapped in a thick overcoat, and hatted, facing the shadow the while. Forth I went into the storm. Below upon below: floods of light; spouts of water. The heavens opening and shutting like a box-lid. Marl beckoned with a mocking smile. It passed swiftly among the tufts of grass, and pools of water upon the veldt. When the heaven was pitch I could still see Marl; when the flashes came the shade was not more vivid. On along the borders of the kloof. Past the stone house, the board door taken away, to my vision the rain at this spot became lines of blood-drops. Through the darkness, the wind and the rain. Stumbling over roots and rocks. For 4 miles. Battered upon batter of thunder; the lightning scolding and fusing upon the outlines of the rocky kopjes. Descent through a rift in the cliff. I followed through the deep way—led. Was my need to be death? What mattered it? Down and down into this Erebus of the earth—300 feet down. My feet landed and stumbled upon the upraised bed of boulders, beside the lashing driven waters. I paused and watched. A flash of lightning. Marl was gone, but what was in his place? A flash of lightning—a point of blue flame darting upon a skeleton. I hurried forward. The heavens were continuously illuminated—like the flames of a bonfire. A skeleton muffled in clothes, the skull bare and horrid, eaten out by the crabs. One horrible green snail—a horn of fat—was on the temporal plate, erecting its knobbed horns. The curved sternum and ribs were visible—bleached by the last lightning flash. A skinny forearm and clawed hand raised the hand, it moved from the articulations of the wrist; beneath it lay an iron casket. I dropped

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Excepting on the happening of chief events, I shall henceforth seldom mention Matthew Marl in the diary page. It is enough to state that the spirit was seldom away from my side. I almost left him unnoticed, although I knew he was leaning upon my neck, and my American chair throughout the conversation I might be holding with a fellow passenger when within the Tropics. The spirit appeared to appreciate the light and warmth of the climate and sea breeze. At night Marl looked with me on the brilliant constellations of Orion, and noted the lesser stars of the Cross, and the throbbing of those fire-lamps Castor and Pollux. In the day, while I talked with a sailor, upon the fo'c'sle, mending the jib-sail, Marl also stood upon the parched boards of the deck. If I least overheard the rail to my walk? If he only recurred, why forsake me at such moments? Burial! What cared his spirit for burial? I was to be tortured, mentally scathed, with a fruitless search for the diamond. I was wrong. When Marl's time came (I afterwards found his spirit raised its finger, and gave me a hint).

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CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SEA.

It was the month of April. I stood with a light coat over my arm upon the jetty of the Cape Town docks. The Union Co.'s steamer Dane, a fine iron bark, was getting up steam. At four o'clock she would embark mails and passengers for England, and make for the Ocean. How inexorable for the poor devil longing to reach home after years of exile from the mountain, and the steps of the Lion's Head. To them, England seemed a universe away. What a pond voyage away that country must have appeared to the captain of the steamer. "How easy," thought one, "just to step on board that poor devil, and off one steams to England without further difficulty. What a difference is made in my life for the want of thirty pounds. How terrible is poverty in such a case!" Good bye, England, good-bye, boat! We were, indeed, all aboard, and I was majestically steaming between the stone quays of the channel. A crowd, friends and sightseers, cheered us from the quay's head; but what was that to my shout of exultation? I took off my hat and waved it. I addressed the rocky mountain with words of mockery and derision. Never more to see it—have done with the



I leant down and raised the hand, and seized the hoof-shaped case.

the hand, and seized the hoof-shaped case, and hid it in the folds of my coat. At that instant a mocking laughter thrashed through the air, and echoed from the rocky walls of the pass. Still bent, I turned my head. Horror! Matthew Marl again stood at my shoulder!

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high. It was a giddy height from the fo'c'sle deck to the placid sea. Captain Simons was having an oilskin black-headed which would take the sharp and dry. This oilskin was tied like a scarecrow by its two arms to the wire-cable of the jib-sail. I secured the bar to the stanchion with a strong cord, and replaced the screws. Then I took down the captain's oilskin, and fastened it along the bar, so as to cover the stanchion and the cord. I went to the gangway leading to the seamen's quarters, and shouted down, "Quartermaster Lads, you were blackleading the captain's jacket."

"Hi, hi, hi."

"The jacket has been flapping against the netted jib-sail, and losing its blacking. I have removed it for you to the bulwark railing, and fastened it so that the wind will dry without disturbing it."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Harley, is it not? Who knows something about ship's engineering?"

"Yes, it is. Here's a cake of chewing tobacco for you, quartermaster. But take my advice, and don't disturb the jacket. I like to meddle with these matters. I shall watch the drying success."

"No doubt, sir, passengers have their ways, and spare time to occupy I don't disturb the jacket. Thank you for the tobacco."

I should mention that, throughout my fling operations, the ghostly hand of Matthew Marl had moved an invisible tool upon the bar beside my own.

I felt that the wet oilskin would not be touched by passengers, and seamen would not meddle with the quartermaster's affair. Besides the men were employed aloft casing the reefed sails, the breeze not being strong. Now I required recreation, so went below and sought the arm of Herman Goldstein. The young man had not long finished a hearty meal, was smoking a cheroot, and in the hands of the ship's bore, a young Scotchman, who esteemed himself learned, and took self-elected lead in every movement from throwing ropes quito on deck to Sunday preaching in the cabin over a pillow covered by the Union Jack. There is such a person on every boat, and unfortunately he never gets drowned. I rescued Goldstein, and drew him to the piano. I took a wicked delight in luring the broker's mind to believe that my trust in him had conquered the numerous age of the morning, and that I should become his easy prey. Yes, he should supply me with an hour's enjoyment at least before I had to part with him. His restlessness I appeared not to notice, but threw myself back in a Madeira chair beside the piano, and requested the favour of his gayest music.

While the lively air proceeded I was hugging the iron casket beneath my shirt. I grew restless. I made Goldstein sing songs of spring, and love, and budding life. The diamond at the time vanished from his hand, and his lips were wreathed with smiles. How glorious it is to be full of youth, and health, and hope! Then as a concluding favour, I requested him to play the Dead March in Saul.

The last muffled notes of the more music died away; Herman had played for two hours. I went to take a rest in the cabin, locking its door. I slept peacefully until the dinner-bell rang; then went on deck, and found that the oilskin had not been touched. At dinner I sat next Herman, and ordered a bottle of port. The cheer and pressed upon the view the cigar-cases filled with a fine brand of Havanna, and offered my friend one. The myriads of stars decked the heavens when we approached the starboard rail of the fo'c'sle-head, smoking the delicious cigars.

"What an aroma, and no heat, Herman."

"Very fine. I shall ask you for another shortly."

"They are unobtainable on board. Suppose you ask in a quarter of an hour."

"All right."

At this date the rule of the company was that passengers might not speak to the "watch," yet were allowed on the fo'c'sle head after watch-setting. At any rate, we were undisturbed; and a line of ladders led through the water, throwing sapphires from her bows. Waves aglow with phosphorous animalcules left her sides like the folds of snakes.

"Take out your watch, Herman, and time the quarter of an hour."

The young broker drew out a handsome gold repeater, and the glow of his face showed the time at seven.

I had removed the screws and came round to the other side of Herman. My hands went under the oilskin, and deftly removed the cord holding the bar to the stanchion. I did not let go the bar. As my shoulder was leant against the bar, the oilskin was pulled down to the deck.

Matthew Marl in his dark cloth. Herman Goldstein's weight on the bar was trying to strong muscles; yet my strength seemed supernatural.

"Time, Herman?"

The Jew drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket, and leant over the bulwark to it, illuminating the dial with the cigar stump. "Seven fifteen."

The bar shot out. There was a splash. Herman Goldstein turned a beautiful somersault.

splash. Herman Goldstein had turned a beautiful somersault, and was now below the surface of the sea.

"Man overboard!" was the startling cry through the night. Hurry and lapping of feet along the deck. The boatswain's whistle. Hoarse shouts,

officers' orders, boats lowered, a lifebelt and potassium light sent over the stern.

But it proved too late. Darkness, the shark, and the wave, had claimed Herman Goldstein.

CHAPTER XI.

IN LONDON.

My unexpected arrival in London caused considerable excitement among my family circle. Both parents were dead. I was cordially admitted to the home of a married brother. Here I met my nephew, Harry Harley, a fair-headed boy, and the only being for whom I felt great affection. Matthew Marl in life—it was not certain if not in death also—had his crow; I had my nephew. Nevertheless, I made myself considerably agreeable to my family, having a purpose to serve. Edith Price, my fiancée, must be met, elevated, and married. I required an elegant figure to assist at the first public triumph of the diamond. Edith's fair face and graceful form, dressed in ivory satin and old lace, would be a suitable embellishment for the "roc's egg." The jewel would appear at the wedding. What cared I if there were the stains of blood upon my neck? I would wash either of Isis or the Pope—have had blood-stained hands, and the Priests of the Diamond would glory in the past history of their first bishop. I therefore fondled my brother's children, narrated my adventures, and the adventures of my father, allowed myself to be conducted by the tea-merchant about the dusky courts of the city; wearied my eyes beside his wife on the running frames of picture galleries, the smother of the "Row," and the glare of footlights of the comic stage, whereon my turner, themselves into apes. Well, I should not complain about that matter. I was a gorilla myself.

Then arrived Edith Price from her country home to stay with a relation pending the early marriage. I found that in Hyde Park people courted and kissed in broad daylight, probably because this island could show neither stars nor moon for evening use. So Edith and myself took advantage of the Lover's Walk. When the sun happened to appear, apparently for the special benefit of the gilt on the Albert Memorial, it was pleasant beneath the branches of the elms and chestnuts, through whose leaves the sunlight played across the path. The golden thread was taken up again; and, after an absence of six years, I whispered the tale of love into faithful Edith's ear. The part of passion and elegance was admirably acted, and it was as when Edith could notice the expression of malice and evil upon my face. One request I refused the girl.

"Dear, have you really grown older looking," she said. "I think it is the dark beard makes your face appear so white. Do not let the beard off to please me. He has nestled perseveringly against my shoulder."

"I cannot do that, darling; anything else for my pet." I thought: Marl wore a beard, although a red one.

Those were very happy days. To gether we visited the Tower of London. I noticed from the thick-walled dungeons, underground dimly cells, thumb-screws, and racks—there was a beautiful model of the rack in an embrasure—that man had ever tortured his fellow. I further drew Edith's attention to the fact that he had not seen a spared woman. There was the block on which Lady Jane Grey's graceful head once reclined; the axe that crushed through the vertebrae of Mary, Queen of Scots; the spot—marked by a brass plate—where had Billings of Anna Boloy's blood. But permission of a "broader" were a rare meat nation—I pushed the thumb-screw on to Edith's delicate finger. It fitted admirably, and I gave Edith a slight wink of pain, which produced a little scream. "Ah, my dear," I said, "you have much to learn of the history of man's nature, I see."

Edith shuddered, and requested me to leave the gloomy spot. So we proceeded in a four-wheeled cab—a modern torturing machine, conspiring with the old Epitaphs, and after a delicious dinner, witnessed the play of "The Bells" at the Lyceum Theatre. It was evident to me that the actor had never engaged in a real murder. I had; and was calmly sitting with a spotless shirt front, beneath which lay an iron casket, in the orchestra of a London girl actually hugging the blackness of my soul.

What a commotion I could have caused in the auditorium, by rising and relating my guilt, extracting, the actor's third act, with the rope and choking scene, would have been spilt and noticed. With a foot, Matthias was, raving about the use of an axe and the bells of a Polish Jew. Had I not been a murderer I should have confessed the play a most admirable writing, and the actor an intensely forcible tragedian. But imagination in one's head, really another in this case "The Bells" and actor were imagination; I was reality. What a sublime egoism to possess. Edith had witnessed a mummur murderer on the stage, and drove home with a real one. I could hardly refrain from telling her.

OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

The summer musical season has now commenced, and in a week's time will be in full swing. Mr. Newman's second series of symphony concert at Queen's Hall began last week, on Wednesday next the Philharmonic season re-opens at Queen's Hall, and on Thursday that of the Royal Choral Society at Albert Hall. The following week the Royal Opera season opens at Covent Garden, and the Mottel concerts will be resumed at Queen's Hall.

May will be, indeed, an exceptionally busy month. Besides numerous operas at smaller halls, there are about 100 announcements at St. James's and Queen's Halls alone; and the Albert Hall is pretty fully engaged. Visitors to London during the Jubilee month will have no reason to complain of a dearth of musical entertainment, for June promises to be as busy as May. In fact it will probably be more so, as many social and concert-givers have concluded that there will be more people in the metropolis then, and consequently better patronage.

The first week at the Royal Opera, which opens on Monday week, will probably be devoted to works more or less familiar, but the production of Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl's "Der Evangelin" is expected about a fortnight later. Dr. Kienzl's opera was produced in Berlin four years ago. The libretto is a very dramatic one, and the events are said to have happened in real life. Some charming children's scenes are included in the work.

I hear that over 16,000 tickets at 41 each have been sold for the Bayreuth Festival in the autumn. It was thought probable that no further single tickets for "Parsifal" alone would be issued. They could be obtained only by purchasers for seats for "Der Ring des Nibelungen" as well, the complete set costing 25 sh.

In the reproduction of "The Yeoman of the Guard" at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday evening, only two members of the original cast will take part—Miss Bosina Brandram, Dame Carruthers; and Mr. Richard Temple, Sergeant Meryll.

The new patriotic work, "The Flag of England," words by Rudyard Kipling and music by Professor Bridge, will be produced at the grand commemorative concert of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on Thursday. Mme. Albani will sing the solo part. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Handel's "Zadok the Priest" will also be performed. The same evening, May 2, will be given by the same artists including Mesdames Anna Williams, Muriel Foster; Messrs. Edward Lloyd, David Price; and a band and chorus of 1,600.

It is stated that Verdi has already decided upon his place of burial. The venerable composer has chosen a charming spot in the garden of his favourite residence, and only awaits official permission to erect there a tomb for himself, and one for his aged spouse.

Welcomes assurance of Mme. Patti's recovery from indisposition is to hand in the announcement of her appearance at the first "Patti" concert of the season on Tuesday week at the Albert Hall. The famous "diva" will have the co-operation of Mr. Edward Lloyd, and will sing with him the duet, "Tornami a Dir" (Don Pasquale).

Handel's lovely oratorio, "The Creation," will be the attraction at the National Sunday League concert at Queen's Hall on Sunday evening, May 3. The vocalists are Mme. Amy Sherwin, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Robert Hilton. The N.S.L. choir and orchestra, conducted by Mr. Churchill Sibley, will also take part in the performance.

The production at Manchester, by the Carl Rosa Company, of Signor Puccini's opera, "The Bohemians," has proved a great success. A performance of the work in London will be looked forward to with much interest when the company have their season here.

Mr. David Bispham gives one of his interesting and artistic concerts on May 10 at St. James's Hall. His "Magelone Lied" song cycle will be performed in its entirety for the first time in England. Mr. Bispham will read the connecting story of the work.

Mme. Nordica has been presented by the husband of the late Fran Klafsky with all the dresses of "Brunhilde and Isolde," formerly worn by the deceased artist. I hope we may see the gifted American prima donna wearing the garments at Covent Garden during the ensuing season.

Amateurs, with good voices, who would like to take part in the Victorian Era Exhibition choral concerts are invited to apply to Mr. Henry Wood, Exhibition Buildings, Earl's Court.

Mme. Enriques was very successful at the concert in aid of the Post Office Orphan Homes Institution, which took place at the Town Hall last Monday. The eminent contralto won encores for both songs, and was most heartily received by the densely-packed audience.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

A correspondent at Horsham has written me that his house at that place is infested with ants, and that they creep into everything and everywhere as if at a perfect pace. There is no doubt that these little creatures are inflicting a great nuisance, and the other day I was reading in "Entomological News" a note on the ants of Georgia, in which Mr. Pilate (the author) states that on his farm in the dry season "the surface of the earth is literally covered with them. When smothered or touched they emit a strong unpleasant odour, and there is no keeping them out of the house. The floors are covered with them. You don't think about them until you smell them, and under the rockers of a rocking chair you will find so many of an evening that there will be two black marks just the width and length of the rockers."

Mr. Pilate goes on to say that they seem to be ravens on all the time, and will devour every living thing that comes in their way. One of them will capture a beetle or grasshopper by the leg, and will be immediately assisted by its brethren. They steal the beetle

from the trap set for insects, and eat the captured insects themselves. They even attack small chickens a day or two old, and gather in great hosts on the little birds' feet and head, and undoubtedly they often cause death. Of course, the Horsham ant spoken of by my friend is not of the same species as that of Georgia, and from the account given above of the latter is less voracious and much less numerous. But ants at all times, although exceedingly interesting in their habits, are not by any means pleasant companions.

The additions to the Zoological Society's menagerie during the week ending April 27 include 3 double-banded sand-grouse, a spider monkey (which is apparently new to the collection), a black-headed gull, 2 rufous-necked weaver-birds, a crowned lemur, a pin-tailed sand-grouse, a white-fronted capucin monkey, a white-crested toucan, a Burriel sheep, a grey ichneumon, a silky cow-bird, a bonnet monkey, a rhesus monkey, a mongoose lemur, and a snake (species unknown).

Like all far-bearing animals, the raccoon has come in for an undue share of persecution, and as a consequence, instead of being one of the commonest and most widely-distributed mammals in North America, it is now met with only in comparatively few numbers, except in one or two localities—such as the Adirondack mountains—which are difficult of access by man. The fur of this animal is of a rich dark brown colour, tinged with greyish, and is very dense and long. The tail is ringed alternately with black and white. The whole length of the raccoon measures about 34 inches, and its size is a little larger than that of the common badger.

The "coon," as this animal is popularly called in its native habitat, is very cunning, and affords good sport to its hunters. In habits it is nocturnal, and spends the day in sleep in the holes of decayed trees, where, when it is pursued by dogs when it is abroad at night, it generally takes refuge, and is dislodged by gunshot. Its bill of fur is a very varied one—in fact, nothing comes amiss to it—and with a menu of mammal, bird, fish, worm, reptile, crustacean, mollusk, and vegetable, it might be said to be almost omnivorous. It has a curious habit of always dipping its food in water before eating it, but why it should do this has never been satisfactorily explained. Many species of this animal have been exhibited in the Zoological Society's Gardens, and on several occasions it has bred there.

Through the kindness of a correspondent at Southsea, I am able to add another instance to the already long list recorded in this column from time to time of one animal acting as foster parent to another, with totally different habits. My correspondent writes as follows: "A cat belonging to a friend of mine of this town recently brought forth a family of four kittens, three of which were drowned. A day or two afterwards a nest of three young squirrels (about a week old) were taken and put with the cat. The latter, instead of exhibiting any carnivorous propensities, fondled the additions to her family, nursed them as she would her own offspring, and safely brought them up. They are now one month old, and as lively as can be, and can be seen enjoying themselves in a large cage in my friend's shop window."

THE COMMON RACCOON.

The weather has been against the trout anglers everywhere during the last few days, and in the Thames very few fish have been taken. A number of trout have been noted in various parts of the T.A.P.S. district, such as Hampton, Shepperton, and Slaines, and when the clerk of the water of faith matters right some good fish are almost certain to be had.

Trout fishing has opened on the Lea, and fish are being taken without saying that some of the strictly reserved waters on the upper portion of the river are certain to yield sport, and the patient angler, who tries his hand in suitable spots between Broomhouse and Hertford, certainly stands a fair chance of catching a few of the late season fish. There have been few and far between.

The committee of the Thames Angling Preservation Society met on Tuesday last, Mr. Alderman A. N. W. Higgins (hon. secretary) read the correspondence, including letters in reference to the swans, which do not appear to have yet been kept off the river, as promised. Mr. A. E. Armstrong, of Chertsey, removing from the locality, retired from the office of hon. secretary, and Mr. Charles H. W. Higgins, a very hearty vote of thanks for past services was accorded him. Mr. F. Goodwin, of the Chertsey Angling Association, will probably be his successor.

The United Brothers, meeting at the Druids Head, Broadway, Deptford, announced their prize distribution for May 11; and the Blackfriars Anglers, meeting at the Winchester Arms, Southwark-st., S.E., have a similar function on May 17, and in both instances "Old Izaak" will preside.

The Anglers' Association held their annual meeting at the Foresters' Hall on Monday last, Mr. P. Geen (president) in the chair. A satisfactory statement of accounts was presented and adopted, after some discussion, and an almost unanimous vote passed by the 76 clubs represented, in favour of amalgamating with the Central Association, which, however, the latter will not assent to. The officers were re-elected. Mr. A. W. Parker retiring from the post of hon. reporter, and general regret was expressed that it was not possible to conclude the business of the meeting from want of time, and the remaining items on the agenda (including the annual grant to the T.A.P.S.) will be dealt with on May 17, to which date the meeting stands adjourned.

The annual dinner of the St. Ives and District Angling Society, which came off last week at the Priory Rooms, St. Ives, under the genial chairmanship of Dr. E. Semple, was a most successful and enjoyable one. The present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Among the company were the Mayor of St. Ives, Dr. J. B. Griffiths, Mr. T. Knights, J.P., the Rev. H. G. Frewer, Mr. E. Collinson (hon. secretary), and several prominent London anglers. The prizes won during the season were distributed, and among them was a beautiful etching (suitably inscribed) by Mr. Denny Sadler, who is a warm supporter of the club.

The Piscatorial Society had a large gathering on Monday last at the Holborn Restaurant, under the presidency of Mr. R. C. Blundell. The meeting was specially called to discuss amalgamation, but Mr. R. E. Booker, pointing out an informality (the committee not having been consulted), the chairman ruled the proceedings out of order, and more congenial topics were immediately dealt with. It is felt to be time this incessant agitation came to an end, and it is satisfactory, so far, to find that it has not been allowed to bring discord into the Piscatorial ranks.

The Central Association delegate meeting takes place on Monday, May 3, at their headquarters, the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. The chair will be taken at 9 p.m. sharp. Several societies will probably be enrolled, and business of great importance is likely to be brought forward.

The Silver Trout held their 32nd annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on Tuesday last, "Old Izaak" presiding, supported by Mr. D. Williams, L.C.C., Dr. A. C. Tucker, A. Abrahams, W. H. Elsmore, J. Fletcher, and other well-known anglers. There was a long and pleasant evening, and some good songs by Mr. Cox and others, as well as lightning sketches by Mr. Haines. Mr. Bradshaw (secretary) remarked that although a large quantity of fish had been taken during the year, no club prize was given for gross weight. Among the chief

"Romeo and Juliet," a dialogue is to be spoken by Miss Cicely Loftus and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, the announcement of which is very appetising. At the same entertainment Miss Emily and Mr. Ande will sing "Idyll of the Closing Century."

The revival of "The Yeoman of the Guard" next Wednesday will arouse some pleasant memories. In my opinion, Miss Umar, Miss Bond, Mr. Grossmith, and Mr. Denny were never better than in this very attractive work. Mr. Grossmith therein reached his zenith as an actor. It was in this piece, I believe, that Mr. Denny first appeared at the Savoy. How good he had together! Those to whom the opera may be new should bear in mind that it is not "comic" but "romantic." There is nothing in it of the topsyturveness usually associated with Mr. Gilbert's name.

Fancy "Virginus" again at a West-end playhouse! It was last seen, I fancy—in that part of the town—at the Olympic, where, I like to fancy, the title part was played by Mr. Edmond Tostie. I remember Charles Dillon in it, and also Cresswell; I may have seen others in the part, but if so, I have forgotten them. I am glad Mr. Wilson Barrett has "edited" the piece somewhat. Sheridan Knowles is not Shalpers, as it is said, always the better for being "cut."

There will be more "clashing" on the evening of May 15 if "Secret Service" is produced then as the evening play. If Mr. John Hare appears then at the Court, but the little difficulty will probably be got over. "Secret Service," you will recollect, is an American piece in which American actors will figure. No doubt Mr. Hare will gracefully give the strangers precedence.

OLD IZAAK.

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prize-winners were Messrs A. Abrahams, J. Fletcher, and F. J. Williams, the former winning two silver cups, including the challenge cup given by Mr. Walter Emden, J.P., L.C.C., last year. The dinner was a great success, and the society is in a very flourishing condition.

The Coxy Anglers had a grand night at the Plough, Rochester-row, Westminster, on Monday last, 31 clubs being represented at their visit, 29 of which were against amalgamation when the vote was taken. The concert was unusually good.

The Grange Anglers had a splendid gathering at the Earl of Derby, Grange, Bermondsey, on Tuesday evening, when a capital concert and lantern entertainment with views of the Thames, was provided, and 30s. collected for the T.A.P.S. just now a very welcome contribution to their funds. Mr. J. Gibbons presided, Messrs. Lee and Stokes assisting in the lecture arrangements, which left nothing to be desired.

The perch have spawned in the Thames, and at Walton, Sale, and elsewhere the quantity is far beyond that of former years, and augurs well for the future sport. The roach will very soon be coming on, and it is to be hoped the efforts of the Preservation Societies for the protection of the spawning grounds of the river will be crowned with success.

GENERAL CHATTER.

There should be no dearth of recruits for the engine department of the Navy. Not only does the rank of stoker bring regular employment for a long term of years, but when a man has finished his time of service there are plenty of good billets waiting for him on shore. The secretary of the Navy Employers' Association, who is in charge of the excellent institution are situated at 8, Craig's-court, Whitehall, writes to tell me that he has several desirable billets on hand for time-expired stokers of the Royal Navy, of good character certificates. My naval readers please note.

Some prejudice against Australian rabbits still exists, I find, among our working classes. They do not dispute the excellent qualities of these imports, but it is a common error to suppose that the carcasses are poisoned. This notion comes down, no doubt, from the time when Australian farmers sought to abolish the pests by placing poisoned food in their runs. But that experiment was given up long ago, while Dr. Koch's endeavour to compass a bunzlau remedy by improved a conspicuous failure. There is no longer any reason, therefore, why the antipodean rabbit should be regarded with suspicion.

It is still firmly believed by many people that if they see what appears to be a lifeless human being in the water their first duty lies in making report to the police. In a case of this kind, which has just occurred, a notice was issued by the police, warning men who are afraid of coming into collision with the law if he hauled his drowned wife out of the canal, that he left the body where it was until he had fetched a policeman. In this instance life appears to have been extinct when the discovery was made, but in some cases a medical examination might have been followed by recovery.

Before the National Union of Shop Assistants goes any farther with its demand for a "minimum wage," it would strongly counsel its members to look before they leap. For every man and woman who is in employment of this kind, there are a dozen longing to force entrance for themselves. Being a vocation requiring little skill or special training, it commands itself to the vast multitude of the tolerably well-to-do, and the demand for such a thing, therefore, employers could, without any serious inconvenience, fill up vacancies from this source on any terms they chose to offer. While, then, I entirely sympathise with the agitation for higher remuneration, I doubt whether any such weak ground as the "minimum wage" demand affords.

Reading the case of the lad who suddenly lost his memory the other day in a railway train, the traders who were a large credit trade at the West-end, and who, in that, quite half of my customers appear to be similarly afflicted.

The atomic theory has received its final death blow at the hands of Mr. Redmond. By starting a new Home Rule organisation, he clearly demonstrates the infinite divisibility of that "fortuitous concurrence of atoms" which now constitutes the Irish party.

While much may be said for the proposal to celebrate the longest reign by abolishing the chimney pot hat, I do not see how it could be done without also abolishing the frock coat, about the nearest, most becoming, and most comfortable garment worn by Britons. There is no other head-gear which harmonises with the coat, and the new hat is simply hideous. While caps of all sorts are even more incongruous. I do not see, though, why the shape of the chimney pot should not be modified; there is, certainly, room for improvement in that direction.

Questions are often addressed to editors respecting the genuineness of the accuracy of the bona fides of advertisements appearing in their papers. Of course, it is wholly impossible for any editor or manager to go behind the record in such cases. The only obligation resting upon them is to see that no advertisement of an obviously improper character gets into the paper, or that the bona fides is even that limited duty discharged. The law provides a quick and easy remedy when deception is practised, and victims would save time and trouble by resorting to it at once, instead of invoking editorial or managerial help.

The colouring clay pipe is, I am glad to see, beginning to come into vogue again among smokers who care more for enjoyment than for appearance. When seasoned a bit, it is far sweeter than any briar, while its liability to get broken is less, and it is far less likely to become wholly saturated with nicotine oil. No doubt, it is a cruel blow when a well-coloured clay pipe gets smashed, but that is better than running the risk of being poisoned.

WILL WORKMAN.

I only said a little about education last week, but it was quite enough to bring me two letters from working-

men, and, strange to say, they both ask the same question, not in just the same words, but it amounts to this, "What can a school attendance officer do to a child that he finds in the street during school hours?"

That is a very easy one to answer. He can do nothing. He has no legal right to in any way interfere with a child. That is to say, he must not touch it. If he does—and I know they often do—it is legally just as much assault as if he or anyone else laid hold of it. All the school attendance officer can do is to ask the child for its name and address, and if the child refuses to give it the officer is powerless.

I myself saw, not long since in our street, a school attendance officer stop a ragged young urchin, about 9 or 10 years of age. He asked him for his name and address. The lad refused to give it, whereupon the officer grabbed him by the collar, and thought to frighten him, but, to the great surprise of all of us, the officer included, the lad would not flinch, but shouted for the policeman who stands at the corner.

And when the policeman came the young monkey had the cheek to charge the School Board man with an assault, and demanded that the policeman should take him. Of course the bobby started the lad off, but he told us afterwards that he did not go to school, and that the only person who can legally lay hold of or arrest an absentee from school is a policeman, and even he must be armed with a magistrate's order to take that particular child to a truant school, and that's how it ought to be.

One thing in particular I should like to warn all working-men against. That is, taking sides either one way or the other in this trouble between Greece and Turkey. Of course, I don't want to stop you expressing your opinion, but don't agitate or demonstrate, or attempt in any way to bring pressure to bear upon the Government. You can depend upon it they know far more about it than you or I can tell them, and if you only let them alone they will do the right thing at the right time.

There has been a great deal of talk lately about old age pensions, and I have seen a good many articles on the subject. In my opinion, the one that Sir H. Vincent put before the House of Commons last Tuesday night is by far the best. It was to put such a duty or toll upon foreign manufactured articles coming into this country as would come to 6 million pounds, and would provide a pension of 5s. a week for 500,000 persons of 65 years of age and upwards.

I don't see any harm in this, but a lot of good. Mr. Balfour, however, opposed it, although he admitted that we exported a great amount of money that our capitalists had invested abroad. But I have always said if a man invests his money abroad it is because he gets more interest than he could get at home, and he is entitled to pay a little toll on when it comes here in the shape of manufactured articles.

MR. WHEELER.

I am somewhat surprised that relay races against time have not received more attention in this country. In France the keenest interest was shown by the Government authorities in the recent series of relay races organised by the "Journal des Sports." The primary object in view was to ascertain the time it would take for messages to reach given points, both on the sea-board and on the frontier of France. With the assistance of the numerous local cycling clubs and institutions on the various lines of the railways, the messages were safely delivered at their respective destinations. As the letters were handed to the first courier in Paris, the longest route was naturally the southern one. Before the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean were sighted at Marseilles, no less than 620 miles had to be covered. The time taken was 53 hours 5 minutes.

The road to Calais measures 182 miles, and the message was delivered 15½ hours after starting. To the German frontier, which, of course, is the most important route, the riders covered 226 miles in 17 hours. The great lesson to be learnt from the experiment is that, in these days of universal cycling, a message could be carried by ordinary riders, not trained racing men, should the railways be destroyed and the telegraph wires cut. It may be taken for granted that a sufficient number of homes could not be found to carry out such a ride in time of war, as in continental armies the military authorities have a pleasant little way of annexing all horseflesh for cavalry and artillery remounts.

I recommend some of our smart Volunteer sections to take up the thread where that energetic body, the Catford C.C., left it some years back. A relay ride from the Horse Guards to Brighton, Sheerness, Weymouth, Hull, and Liverpool would be an interesting experiment. To add interest to the ride, the cyclists might work against flag signallers (the heliograph would, of course, have to be barred). Provided the message was a long one and written in cypher, I should be inclined to fancy the chances of the wheelmen—but, of course, much would depend on the weather. The signalling line, I should imagine, would require three times as many men as could carry the message on wheels.

I regret to notice that scorching on the Brighton and Ripley roads is considerably on the increase. It is no exaggeration to say that on the Portsmouth road, from Ditton to Ripley, on Sunday last, the road resembled a race track rather than the Queen's highway. Wheel-folk were abroad in their thousands, wobbling novices, berps of girls riding in clusters that spread across the whole road, and here and there parties of boys who amuse themselves by riding first on one footpath and then across the road on to the other. Through these, hard-riding clubs, led by triplets and tandems, came whizzing and tearing along. That a fatal accident does not occur every five Sunday is little short of a miracle. It is not so much the question of clever steering as of luck. For instance, I noticed at the foot of White Hill a triplet travelling at quite 30 miles an hour. In close attendance on the back wheel were the usual complement of hangers-on. They grazed a lady rider's handbag at the foot of the hill. The last rider on the main-

cycle actually rubbed shoulders with the girl, as just in time, she veered across the road out of the way. Had the triplet come down, at least half a dozen singles must have fallen across it.

On Easter Sunday, one of the nastiest accidents possible to imagine happened at Boleyn, on the Brighton road. A friend of mine was riding down, and chanced to witness it. One rider, travelling at a reasonably fast pace, was coming down the incline. Behind him came a cyclist scorching, head down, who either thought the road was clear or was "riding blind," for he literally charged headlong into the first rider. A terrific crash was contents to the ground was thrown violently, while the other rode clean over the prostrate machine and rider, and came to earth 2 or 3 yards further on. Bleeding and cut he lay insensible, while his machine was twisted and bent out of all recognition. Some villagers carried him into a cottage, where he lay until the next day.

Since writing a note in these columns on non-puncturable inner tubes, I have received considerable correspondence on the subject. For the rider who contents himself with a rational pace, and who does not desire to be riding against time all day, I recommend them certainly. Friends of mine who race tell me they also a tyre. Personally, I have not found my Clipper tyres, which are fitted with them, drag in any way. This company claim to believe, that their puncture-sealing tubes are made in such a way that the speed is not affected; but I cannot express an opinion on this, as I have not tried either the Larue or the puncture proof tyre. On a touring machine I shall in the future always use an inner tube of this description. The finding and mending of punctures has no fastidious for me, and I do not take the same delight in exhibiting my skill and quickness in these matters as some of my young friends appear to.

MADAME.

Every day at this season of the year brings us some novelty from Paris. Here are the newest models in millinery, for instance, all assuming a jaunty appearance from the fact that they are tilted to one side, raised by flowers, feathers, or ruchings of chiffon. The brims are turned up, pinched, or crumpled to suit the caprice of the wearer. We cannot adopt these too eccentric styles all at once, but must wait until the eye becomes accustomed to them.

Roses without leaves—those soft fragile roses that are the prettiest of all the queen flowers—form the crown of many straw or drawn tulle hats. Crescent-shaped hair wreaths, peep through the foldings of tulle and chiffon, for everything is as light and delicate as a skilful fingers can make it.

To instance this kind of millinery I will describe two of the prettiest hats I have seen. One of pink straw was something like the hats seen on Dresden china shepherdesses. The crown was just a bed of soft pink roses, laid on very flat, and two black ostrich tips were placed at the back, one curling on the hair, the other quite erect.

The other hat was white crepe, veiled in black silk net, and trimmed with rather wide white and black check ribbon, twisted round the crown and made into loops edged with tiny ruchings of black chiffon. A half wreath of yellow roses raised the hat on the left side and a bunch of the same flowers was placed amongst the ribbon loops.

I have mentioned the above styles because they are in excellent taste, can be worn with almost any dress, and are easily made at home without much outlay.

I have had one of the new boleros sketched for my readers, as these practical little garments are just what we require to wear with shirts and blouses now. The one I fancied was of pink cloth, trimmed with tubular braid sewn on in V. I saw another at the same dressmaker's made of biscuit cloth, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

The coming colours are grey in all the different tones of pearl, steel, silver, smoke, dove, &c. Rose pink, poppy, or yellow brightens it up if made in the guise of throatie, vest, &c. Heliotrope is becoming to brunettes, but it is to be one of the colours of the season; few other colours, save primrose or pink, will be worn with it. A pink shade of cornflower blue is fashionable, and so are lavender and porphyria. For these colours white or cream vests are preferable to anything else.

I promised in my last letter to say a word about sleeves, and the way of fitting them. When trying on a sleeve be very careful to mark the bend of the elbow both outside and inside; the under-arm piece should be sufficiently long to allow full play to the sleeve, so as to give room for the arm to be lifted above the head without the slightest difficulty. Nothing is so annoying as a sleeve that "drags," and sleeves are now made very long, which is certainly becoming to the hands, particularly if they are filled in with frills of lace. They must be cut out of the wrist, in points, or

in that pretty funnel shape which is now seen in so many smart dresses.

The stage furnishes us with many ideas, and a pretty sleeve made its appearance in a recent success. It fitted tightly to the arm, but was set in puffs of chiffon, not over the shoulder, but towards the back of the arm. Many of the sleeves are trimmed with braids or bands of insertion, narrow velvet ribbon, or braid nearly to the shoulder, which finishes with a puffing of material, frills, or deep loops of ribbon.

Transparent effects will be much used for evening dresses in chemisette, sleeve trimming, or in small squares of lace let in at the neck. This style will renovate a black dress and give it an up-to-date appearance. Coloured ribbons can be substituted if desired. The prettiest sleeves are always those which are folded or draped in some way towards the back of the shoulder, as this method gives width and grace. Many low bodices are made of a very wide ribbon, folded and crossed round the figure, and finishing in two long cash ends at the back.

Very large wide revers of white satin on some of the newest Eton jackets, which are made to button across the bust, opening in two small points, slanting away from the waist to show the wide-draped belt. Others are curved in festoons, and heavily braided all over or at the edges only.

A pretty child's dress is always welcome to mothers.

I know. The one I give to-day struck me as being rather quaint and easy to make. It was of ruby net, and the flounce of skirt and d bertha were edged with narrow r u by velvet. The collar or alpen would look equally well. The vandyked flounces are a most becoming additions both to bodice and skirt. A little girl's dresses and useful withal, as the tiny mites grow so rapidly.

The very latest skirt is composed of three very scanty mitted flounces. All skirts in general are much narrower, and no longer fall in flutes at the sides. The boleros have epaulettes on the shoulders, but Eton or middie jackets are made with coat sleeves.

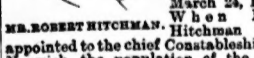
PATTERN ORDER FORM.

Description.	Measure.	Description.	Measure.
1. Neck round	2. Arm, under-	8. Arm, under-	9. Waist, under-
2. Bust	3. Bust, over-	9. Bust, over-	10. Bust, over-
3. Bust, over-	4. Bust, over-	10. Bust, over-	11. Bust, over-
4. Bust, over-	5. Bust, over-	11. Bust, over-	12. Bust, over-
5. Bust, over-	6. Bust, over-	12. Bust, over-	13. Bust, over-

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food.
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ARR.
FFAIN
arr.
C.B.,
and.

YESTERDAY'S SPORTING
(Continued from page 16.)

Jenks, 79.
Superior, 55; Union Pacific, 56; Southern Railway, 71; Southern Railway Preferred, 25; Union Pacific, 39; White
Louis, and Pacific Common, 41; White
Louis, and Pacific Preferred, 122; Minn
neapolis, 84.



Norwich, the population of the
was 68,706, and the numerical strength

The operations of the Company will not be more

[illegible]

band's petition. Ground, wife's misconduct.—Mr. Priestley, for petitioner, said that the parties were married on May 30, 1892, at St. David's Church, Cardiff, and there were no children of the marriage now living. Both petitioner and respondent were members of the theatrical profession. About Easter, 1896, respondent left town on tour with a company playing "Lord Tom Coeddy," and after terminating her tour at Oxford wrote to her husband asking his permission to allow her to go with a friend of hers to Aberoluen, near Edinburgh, to recruit her health. After her return from Scotland the husband found a letter addressed in his wife's hand-

[illegible][illegible]

the enterprise of the first step to market in the U.S. is to get the U.S. Government to buy the land, to insure the lands to the greatest extent possible, to make a future patent possible, therefore, actually to make the land into a concession to the U.S. Government. The U.S. Government will undertake to do this, and upon the basis of the concession to the U.S. Government, the Company

Particulars of the
The Prize will not be divided, but paid in full to the
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TURF, FIELD, AND
R. LARRY L.

**TURF, FIELD, AND
BET LARRY LIND**

Content of this article should be taken as suggestions only. It is upon the relative value of the various bets that the author has based all his on minor points. He has not taken into account the market and the publication of this article may cause a change in the betting with the turf which will benefit him by Larry Lind.

Although we had not a week during the past several weeks of great weather, you see, we have a comparative good run on our roads here and our horses are in good shape. The Metropolitan and the others have all favorites. We were beaten on the sea-saw over runs and the favorites were started there they were paid by the backs and the favorites were the ones to finish the water and the

1833. **Handsome Down** in 1760, the
St Charles Bunbury's Diom
Derby. After the fashionable
and soon, and it ceased to

son or paragon order of his
Expos as a place of popu-
and the other is bound to
the "Cooks" Cookery will
to good title on the day on
schoon is decreed. It is e
ago that Chasmod was
glued. Casually enough,
was only a mile and
while in these days it is one
long-distance races that
was a naval, a military
the first brigade, who
a freely all along the line d
phase of the campaign, we
test of making
the appearance and gave
not favourable, and a
off. General Price was seen
daughter of Kenial, made
for the disastrous loss of
third of Soliman and Glit
place, there are a few
Sima and Albeek, and his
has been rising
has done over time
he simply ran away

and Perminion in his A-100
Telescope found his weight
despite Mernington's Cannon
for the instantly named Bell

millions down work Dingle
were always on hand, with
handy, but after they came
Corder Bollman was all out
although Glottitt chased his
Libman's horse always had

center. In fact, he thorou-
ghly. Glentilt is a rare still
spring, the cows come home,
the cows come home, and the

Gay Lothair, who won the
at Lincoln, is not one of the
art. He was miserably be-

If he went down, his stable
gave Mr. Leopold de Roths-
child he won the Westminster
in the way, can proceed to

and is a son of that Lacton
fortunate enough to beat Sir
narr disgraced herself on 1
in public. Brayhead, who
comes to the fore in the
Scene, added further testi-

Upon course, but the son
a tall starter, and he gave
everybody else a lot of trou

...main claim and crest of the
house, but Alfred Day's horse
had been too badly hurt
and was dead, yet he was
favourite for the Great Steeple
chase, a horse bought
for, after a price of
£100,000, by the Duke of
Aberdeen, who had
lost it, and who did not
know, showed that there
was yet hope for the
horses in the North Park.

Of course, indeed, was the
on Wednesday, when the
was the good, and the
for the sporting Com
was falling in respect to
dual was the aspect before
the end, but, as the
the changes of the British
passed away, and we had
the moon. The Prince of
and the Duke of
Friday were once more
the Grand Suburban & the
the heart, and the field of

warned the prospects of ho-
been closer up at the final
were all out of it this

seemed that bookmakers
 Prior to the race there was
 thought lay against South A
 bet to 100 to 2. Altho
 dier at the post, the flag
 in which Phœbus Apollo
 bane, while South Austr
 to place. After the squa
 the colours of Halsema we
 the straight he fairly
 fadel. Ray Ronald, Dink

...the up and down
...and although Ha
...race, the Duke of De

those following them had
 useful was most dispi-
 cingly confident on the
 with Toon up he ought
 than he did. I am now
 a thoroughly bad horse,
 Fropin was a mere bit
 from a fictitious reputa-
 tion. Quarrel must even
 for Quarrel's merits I
 need, and even Jack Wa-
 ter once out of him.

PANY
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CTUR
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s of C
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and the
Maurice

... reported to be
and had to strike
... of Amphion, an

Next week is a classmate More is the... I think Velasco... and Guinea and... subject to am...

...England in the
...this being the
...these inter-Lea
...nothing was acco

the whole, quite
the establishment

